

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muffled)

Sol. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Inform on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?

If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but durie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not striue against my vowes:

I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee

By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer

Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. I so you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,

You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,

And mocke vs with our barrenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,

But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,

But take the high st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,

If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,

I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,

When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding

To sweare by him whom I protest to loue

That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes

Are words and poore conditions, but vnscald

At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,

And my integritie ne're knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,

Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer

My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,

That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power

To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,

In me to loose.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,

My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. Which midnight comes, knocke at my cham-
ber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,

When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:

And on your finger in the night, Ile put

Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,

May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,

You may so in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,

As if the fate in's heart. She says, all men

Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me

When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,

Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:

Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,

To cosen him that would vnjustly winne.

Exit

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Soldiours.*

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som

thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,

he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,

for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerslasting

displeasure of the King, who had euen run'd his bounty

to sing happinesse to him, I will tell you a thing, but

you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am

the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruer't a young Gentlewoman

heeere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night

he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath

giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himselfe

made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our

selues, what things are we?

Cap.E. Meereely our owne traitours. And as in the

common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale

themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so

he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobli-

lity in his proper streame, ore-floues himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meane't deniable in vs, to be Trum-

peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue

his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to

his house.

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue

him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously
he had set this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come;

for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heere you of these

Warres?

Cap.E. I heere there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he

trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-

gether of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great

deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sit, his wife some two months since fledde

from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to *Saint Ja-*

ques le grand; which holy vnder-taking, with most au-

thenticke testimonie she accomplat: and there residing,

the tendernes of her Nature, became as a prey to her

griefe; in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now

she sings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,

which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her

death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office

to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector

of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point

from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap.E. I am heartily forrie that hee'l bee gladd of

this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs com-

forts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee

drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his

valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be en-

countred with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,

good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if

our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dis-

paine if they were not cherisht by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom hee

hath taken a solemne leaue; his Lordshippe will next

morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-

ters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there,

if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-

nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,

is't not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene busineses, a

moneths length a peece, by an abstract of success: I

haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his

next, buried a wife, moun'd for her, writ to my La-

die mother, I am returning, ente, tain'd my Conuoy, &

betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-

ny nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue

not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this

morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

Ber. I meane the

to heare of it hereafter

betweene the Foole a

forth this counterfeit

double-meaning Prop

Cap.E. Bring him f

poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, hi

ping his spurres for lo

Cap.E. I haue tol

stockes carrie him. B

nderstood, hee weep

milke, he hath confest

supposes to be a Friar

to this very instant d

and what thinke you

Ber. Nothing of r

Cap.E. His confest

to his face, if your Lo

are, you must haue th

Enter Parolles.

Ber. A plague vpo

of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman

Inter. He calles f

without em

Par. I will confesse

If ye pinch me like a l

Int. *Boske Chimur*

Cap. *Bolliando ch*

Int. You are a mer

bids you answer to w

Par. And truly, as

Int. First demand

is strong. What say

Par. Five or fixe

seruiceable: the troo

manders verie poore

credit, and as I hope

Int. Shall I set do

Par. Do, let take

way you will: all's o

Ber. What a past

Cap.G. Yare de

Parolles the gallant

that had the whole th

scarfe, and the pra

Cap.E. I will neu

his sword cleane, no

in him, by wearing h

Int. Well, that's

Par. First or fix t

or thereabouts let d

Cap.G. He's verie

Ber. But I con hi

delivers it.

Par. Poore rogu

Int. Well, that's

Par. I humbly th

Rogues are maruail

Interp. Demaunc

foot. What say yo

Par. By my tre

houre, I will tell tru